

Wicked Game

by RZZMG

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Drama, Supernatural

Language: English

Characters: Bill W., Charlie W., Ginny W.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 18:25:59

Updated: 2016-04-24 04:03:52

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:48:25

Rating: M

Chapters: 3

Words: 6,584

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Drawn to the forbidden by a power beyond her control, Ginny agrees to meet up with Bill & Charlie at Pandora's Box, the wizarding community's hottest adult nightclub. There, she'll indulge in the wickedest sin imaginable. But can she walk away forever from such seductive pleasure when the night is over?

Ginny/Incubus!Charlie/Wolfish!Bill. Magic Mating twist. 2015 HP3Somes Fest fic.

1. Chapter 1

****AUTHOR'S NOTES:****

****This was my 2015 HP 3Somes Fest ([hp-3somes . livejournal . com](http://hp-3somes.livejournal.com)) entry. This was a gift to LJ user "caranil", but she dropped out of the fest before it could be posted, so it's also a gift to the community as well. ***It's a multi-chaptered, completed fic. ****

****My prompt for the fest was:**_ "Incest (Weasleys preferred), Mild to moderate bdsm (orgasm control/denial, light bondage), dirty talking, caring for each-other even if it's not an actual relationship, A and B are in a relationship and they're trying to make C join them (for a one night stand) and they try to seduce him/her, the sex club trope."_**

****Thank you so much to my beta, W. I enjoyed very much working with you for the first time, and am so appreciative of your suggestions and help! ****

****Thanks to the Mod for hosting this fest again!****

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fun, not for profit, and no copyright infringement is intended. The song, "Wicked Game" is copyright Chris Isaak/Warner Brothers. No profit is being made, and no copyright infringement is intended.

****TIMELINE:**** Post-Hogwarts, EWE

****CHARACTERS FEATURED:**** Bill x Ginny x Charlie

****SUMMARY:**** Drawn to the forbidden by a power beyond her control, Ginny agrees to meet up with Bill and Charlie at Pandora's Box, the wizarding community's hottest adult night club—a place known to cater to the naughtiest taboos. There, she'll indulge in the wickedest sin imaginable. But can she walk away forever from such seductive pleasure when the night is over?

****RATING: ****NC-17

****WARNINGS:**** Explicit M/F/M sex (incest, threesome - het & slash), Explicit profanity, Magical Being (Incubus & Werewolf), Angst-Angst-Angst, Happy Ending.

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><p>WICKED GAME_

**By: RZZMG**

* * *

><p>~.~.~_

**The world is on fire, and no one could save me but you...**

**~.~.~**

—·—

Ginny,

Come to Pandora's Box

this Saturday, 11:00pm sharp.

Come alone.

~ B & C

—·—

**~.~.~**

_It's strange what desire makes foolish people do...

**~.~.~**

Ginny leaned over the broad metal railing of the second floor landing to gaze down upon the crowd below, her eyes seeking the distinctive

hair colour of her two eldest brothers in a sea of bottle blondes and boring brunettes.

Where were they? It was eleven o'clock on the dot. They had to be here somewhere,

She tapped her fingertips in time to the heavy industrial beat that echoed off the walls around her and let the heady scent of fiery booze and spicy perfume and zealous, sweaty flesh that permeated the air of the club wash over her, sink deep into her senses, and bolster her flagging spirits.

She would find them—she had to!

Two hours she'd already been here scanning the crowds and prowling through bodies on every floor of the multi-levelled club, but there had yet been no sign of either Bill or Charlie.

They'd be here, of that she was sure, as they'd been the ones to send her the note instructing her specifically to come tonight to this favourite BDSM playground of the wizarding world, Pandora's Box, so she was fairly confident that this wasn't just some jape. They would show. She just needed to be patient and vigilant, two virtues she wasn't sure she was capable of being just then, honestly.

As she continued scanning the faces all around, the pounding trance the DJ was spinning for tonight's first set matched the thudding of her heart, and made her particularly aware of her body's arousal. Between her thighs, she was already wet and slick, and worried others nearby might be able to scent how ready and desperate she was for cock.

Clenching her legs closer together and adjusting the angle of her hips, she attempted to alleviate some of the itchy, achy feeling, but only managed to make it worse. Now her clit pulsed with its own miniature heartbeat, and she could feel her nipples harden and abrade against the leather corset she wore.

With a disgusted sigh, she stepped away from the railing and resumed her restless stalking of the premises instead. She'd suffered an entire week hounded by this same relentless arousal, thanks to Charlie accidentally rubbing up against her on the tail end of his last public performance here, so a few more hours wouldn't kill her, surely. It might make her uncomfortable as hell, but she'd manage as she had the last seven days: spending some safe 'quality time' with a substitute (read: her hand and her toys) until the need was sated.

Buying an elevator ride down to the club's 'Checkered Basement' (so named not for its black and white marble square flooring, but for the 'checkered pasts' it created in those who visited it) to find a private room and a willing partner to sate the demonic need clawing its way through her would be a necessary evil if her two git brothers didn't show tonight. Of that fact she was resigned, because there was simply no way she could endure another night feeling like this, especially now that she had accidentally stumbled upon her eldest siblings' secrets, and had the fire of curiosity lit under her perky arse.

It still floored her to think about it: Charlie was an Incubus—the

human male offspring of a pureblood female Veela and a pureblood male wizard. Of all the men in their direct family line, Charlie was the only one to have been blessed with Grandmum Weasley's unique (and quite secret) heritage, according to the notes she and Bill had been passing back and forth all weekâ€”hence the reason her second eldest sibling had yet to marry, and probably never would.

That he'd accidentally enslaved Bill to his lust a few years back, when they'd both gotten four sheets to the wind pissed and ended up shagging like little bunnies in the springtime, was a mind-fuck and a half, too. Poor Bill, addicted to Charlie's Incubusâ€”hence the reason he'd divorced Fleur and had left their three children in her care.

The two self-professed bachelors had since gotten a flat together and surreptitiously taken up trolling the London scene, fucking everything on two legs, regardless of gender, seeking to sate the Incubus lust that continually rode them both. Everyone else in their circle of family and friends thought them simply taking a break from women and going through an early mid-life crisis.

Until last week, Ginny had believed that, too.

Now, she knew better.

As she rounded the corner, she found what she'd been seeking: that distinguishing shock of Weasley red hair among the crowd, there against the wall, opposite the elevator. As expected, and although they'd just arrived apparently, her eldest siblings were already surrounded by groupies fawning for their attention, hoping to be the lucky ones chosen to accompany the pair of striking, ginger-haired brothers downstairs to the basement tonight.

Ginny didn't question the jealous burning in her heart as she pushed through the crowd of sycophantic would-be lovers to approach her brothers. All she knew was that she had to reach them, had to make them touch her, claim her, take her to that place she wanted, no, needed to go with them: into the Checkered Basement.

She was desperate for them to fuck her, to drive her into a state of euphoric submission the likes of which she'd never before experienced.

It was Charlie's Incubus calling to her that was making her feel like this. It was a magnetic reel, pulling her in, pulling her under. It was so strong, so undeniable even though all they'd done was barely brush against each other that one night last week,

The heavy thump of the club bass vibrated the walls around her, drowning out the sharp crack of whips and moans coming from the exhibition stage around the next corner. The deep, sensual beat vibrated through Ginny's rib cage and ran up her spine, making her aware of her body in a way she'd never been before. It also drowned out her calls to her brothers, as she attempted to catch their attention with waving arms and catcalls without shouting their real names.

They didn't even turn in her direction. In fact, Bill had his attention firmly fixed a young man who was practically draped across him, and Charlie was giving that cunt-eating smile of his to a woman

wearing a skirt so short it might as well be a belt.

No! She had to make them see her, recognise her, because she'd earlier colour-charmed her hair and eyes to disguise her features to prevent being spotted, just in case there was an undercover reporter or an errant co-worker in the mob tonight. Now that trick was working against her, because they didn't know that she was any different from the rest of the sexual panhandlers in the place, and any minute they'd go off with their random picks for the night, because they'd think she'd chickened out and didn't come, and she'd be left behind, up here among the rest of the rabble, left to suffer,

As if sensing her presence, Charlie looked up and over the crowd, finding her at that exact moment. When their eyes connected, his smile grew positively feral.

He elbowed Bill next to him and jerked his chin in her direction, and that tight, terrified knot in Ginny's chest suddenly relaxed.

They saw her, they knew her!

Lazily, they made their way through the pack of hangers-on, making a bee-line right for her.

She stretched out her hands...and suddenly she was in Charlie's arms, and Bill was pressing in behind her, and she wanted to sob with relief.

* * *

><p>TO BE CONTINUED..._

* * *

><p>Author's Notes:

Please review!

2. Chapter 2

**I never dreamed that I'd need somebody like you...**

"You found me," she murmured against Charlie's ear, wrapping her arms around his waist and snuggling into his strong, warm embrace.

"Always," he replied.

They stayed like that for a few more moments, ignoring the rest of the dispersing swarm, wrapped up in each other, in the comfort and familiarity of family. Charlie and Bill both kept Ginny from being jostled by the press of thwarted admirers melting back into the corners from where they'd originally crawled. They protected her, as they ever had.

When the three of them stood alone at last, Bill suggested they move things into a more private location. There was no question where they would all head. It was inevitable.

Charlie and Bill both held her hands as they rode the elevator down into the basement. When the doors parted, the familiar art deco decor of the Checkered Basement greeted them. They stopped at the vintage payment booth to the side and Bill reached into his back pocket to extract his wallet and to arrange for them to have a private room. As he began magically signing the prerequisite forms regarding safety and no use of dark magic, Charlie drew Ginny into the corner, setting her back against it.

He tilted her chin up so she was forced to meet his gaze. "You know what we want, kitten." He'd always referred to her as such, ever since they were children. "What we expect."

Swallowing down her fear, she nodded. "I...I need it," she whispered the truth, a bit embarrassed by it.

He nodded, stroking tenderly over her bottom lip with his thumb. "I know. Truthfully, I need it, too." He pressed in close, rolled his hips, and pressed his thick, covered erection against her inside thigh. "It was an accident, true, but I can't be sorry for it. Little kitten, I've been dying to have you for so long. You have no idea."

His teeth latched onto her throat then, not hard, more a way to establish his dominance, to make it clear that she was his. Ginny gasped, and pressed her fingernails into his hips where she'd grabbed on. He moaned in response and started rubbing against her with slow, long strokes, one hand slipping down her side, heading for her thigh.

Bill was suddenly there, his hand clamped onto Charlie's wrist, halting him. "In private," he warned his brother. "No one sees this."

The lusty glaze in Charlie's eyes cleared a bit and he nodded. "Right. Sorry. Couldn't help it."

Their oldest brother's smirk was naughty. "You never can. That's why I'm here."

His attention shifted to her, and Ginny felt a shiver run up her spine. Bill's naturally blue eyes had changed to a golden-amber colour, letting her know his inner wolfâ€"a remnant of his attack by Greyback during the beginning part of the warâ€"was awake and sitting up, paying attention. Whenever that side of him appeared, Ginny had been warned to be on her guard.

"Don't worry, baby girl," he said in a low, sultry tone, understanding in his smile, "I won't hurt you." He gently stroked two fingers down her cheek. "Not you."

Ginny closed her eyes, shivering at the heat coming off both men. Could she really do this? It seemed unreal. They were her brothers, for Godric's sake! It was so wrong!

Charlie's Incubus must have sensed her hesitation, because she suddenly felt a warm blanket of his magic wash over her from head to toe, inciting her lust all over again. Her nipples went taut and hard, and her thighs shook as her sex throbbed and bloomed.

Her astonished gasp and deep-throated moan seemed to be all the permission anyone needed to get moving. She was suddenly lifted into Charlie's burly arms and carried towards the private room awaiting them, Bill in the lead.

"I was so excited for this earlier, but now, I'm scared," she admitted in a soft whisper into Charlie's ear, pressing her face into his throat.

"Don't be," he encouraged her. "For you, they'll be only the most intense pleasure tonight. So much that you'll be sated for a long time to come." He turned his head and kissed her cheek. "Then the lust will let you go and you'll be free of the agony it causes. That I promise, my kitten."

They arrived at the room, and Bill fitted the magical key into the lock. It turned on its own, and the door swung open. Ginny was swept over the threshold and the door shut quickly behind them all before she could take in the measure of the room from the doorway. Her first impression of it once they'd stopped moving, however, was that it was a room designed not for hardcore sex, but for sinful seduction.

Gently, she was set on her feet before the modern-styled four-poster bed, and then Charlie applied pressure to her to turn her around so she would be facing the scarlet bed covers and matching pillows. Thin, silk curtains the colour of midnight draped around the outside of the bed. Bill pulled them back, tying them off.

Charlie wedged in behind her and laid his heavy hands on her hips. His lips bent to her ear. "Are you on anything?"

Ginny nodded. "A potion."

"Good, because I don't intend on pulling out. I plan to finish in you every time." His hands smoothed up her side, seeking the lacing to her corset, beginning to untie it. "I want to fill you up with everything I've got."

Fill her up? He couldn't really do that, could he? Men had a refractory period, they needed time to recover... Then again, Charlie wasn't fully human, was he? He had their great-grandfather's magical talents—the only Weasley in generations to be so blessed.

Or cursed, depending upon how you viewed it. Incubi were as much slaves to their lust as their partners according to the research she'd done this last week on the subject.

Ginny swallowed. She'd done some pretty depraved shit since she and Harry had broken up two years ago and she'd discovered Pandora's Box, but she'd never been with a person who was part magical creature. The literature about Veela and Incubi, though, spoke of their incredible stamina while mating. She wondered if Bill's wolf was at a similar endurance level. Could she handle that, too, if he joined in?

Ginny's breathing accelerated as Charlie began removing her clothes a piece at a time. She could hear and feel his eagerness to have at her; his hands slightly trembled and with every inch of her flesh revealed, he hummed with appreciation. It made her slightly

nervous.

As if sensing her heightened anxiety, Bill quickly kicked off his shoes and sat on the edge of the bed before her, taking her hands in his. "Eyes on me, baby. I've got you," he said, his smooth confidence lending Ginny some small amount of courage. He placed her arms around his neck and widened his knees so she could slip in between them. His hands moved to her waist, smoothing up and down. "He's as nervous as you are, you know. He didn't intend for this to happen. It really was an accident. Neither of us saw you in the crowd, watching, standing that close. But, baby, he's also secretly wanted you for a long time, too. That's why he seems a little impatient right now." He caressed the back of his knuckles over her cheek in a loving gesture. "But you should know that he's fully aware that he has to be careful with you, too. Your pleasure and safety come first, above all else."

That last was said more to Charlie than her, she noticed, as Bill's gaze shifted to their brother standing over her shoulder.

In response, Charlie stepped into her, pressing the hard length of his body against her smaller form. He smoothed his roughened palms over her bared torso, feeling the indentation of her gently sloped abdomen, circling her small, round belly button, and caressing every rib with his fingertips.

"Your skin is so soft, my Ginny," he whispered against her ear, clearly enchanted by his lust for her, "and these freckles of yours, they drive me wild."

He bent his mouth to her shoulder, kissing her sun-touched flesh.

Ginny whispered his name with pleasure, as he cupped her heavy, achy breasts and began gently kneading them. She arched into his touch, while simultaneously rubbing her arse against the prominent bulge pressing into her backside. Charlie groaned, and against the sway of her hind, she felt his erection straining against the front of his dark jeans, desperate to be released.

He tenderly pinched her erect nipples, teasing them until Ginny whimpered.

"I'll be careful with you, my kitten, I promise."

"Gentle is good," Ginny panted, writhing against him. "I like gentle. But, I don't mind it a little rough, either. No matter what, Merlin, just don't stop!"

Bill's hold on her hips eased off, and suddenly, his fingers were between her thighs, testing her readiness. He groaned to find her slick with want. "Fuck, she's so ready," he said to Charlie, and dipped his head to swipe at her bare pussy with his tongue, tasting her arousal upon her lower lips. He groaned again and adjusted his angle a bit so he could get deeper, feast harder upon her.

Gasping, Ginny leaned back into Charlie's embrace and let her legs go loose, giving herself up to the pleasure rolling through her with each brush of Bill's talented tongue over her sensitive, hot flesh. Coupled with Charlie's attentions to her breasts, and his mouth clamped down upon her throat, sucking and laving over her pulse, it

didn't take long for the pleasure to cleave through what remained of Ginny's reticence.

"Please, _please!_" she cried out, shoving her pussy against Bill's mouth. She needed it, wanted it, that high that remained just out of her grasp, like a Snitch caught by a strong wind, tumbling through the currents, simply beyond reach.

Bill pulled his mouth away and took her in his arms. "You're ready, baby." He pulled her mouth down towards his, and ghosted his glossy, cunt-scented lips over hers. "And you'll enjoy what he does to you, trust me. Just feel his amazing gift flow through you, and know I'm here to catch you, baby."

Leaning in, he pressed his mouth to Ginny's, and she tasted the two of them combined in a glorious melding that made her lose herself to the kiss.

It wasn't until she felt something large prodding her entrance from behind that she became aware of the fact that the foreplay was officially over. A small push, a little pressure, and Charlie's broad head was stretching her pussy open wide—wider than she'd ever been taken before. Overwhelmed and a little dazed by his size, Ginny dug her nails into Bill's shoulders and held on as Charlie's thick, heavy flesh spread her carefully, filling her completely.

When she could take no more, he held them there with a tight grip on her hips, allowing her time to relax and adjust. Suspended in time between her two elder brothers, balancing the fine line of pleasure and pain, Ginny knew she would never again know such a sublime feeling in her life as this. She was so totally filled and so completely adored by both men, who continued to whisper sweet things to her and to caress her into accepting them and what they were doing together. This was the perfect moment, she thought, the one she'd waited years to experience with someone. Like her first kiss and the night she'd lost her virginity, this right here and now was a once in a lifetime event, never repeatable and never to be forgotten.

"Fuck me, Charlie," she pleaded. "Make me cry for you."

He did precisely that.

* * *

><p>TO BE CONTINUED..._

* * *

><p>Author's Notes:

Please review!

3. Chapter 3

**I never dreamed that I'd lose somebody like you...**

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His talent knew no bounds.

Over and over again, Ginny chased the bliss that Charlie so expertly fashioned, and over and over again, she flew and fell, crashing into fire and sky and edges so bright and beautiful they brought tears to her eyes. She lost track of who she was, where she was, and even that what she was doing was so taboo, so forbidden that should she be caught, she would face the harshest censure imaginable.

Distracted by such euphoria, she barely noticed Bill was there too, holding her and providing her comfort and continual stimulation with his mouth and hands. He didn't fuck her, but his touch helped her tip towards pleasure when there were moments of pain that threatened to rip her from the heart of the storm. His tender and dirty words in her ear or against her mouth as he sipped at her lips made her feel cherished and safe.

"You're so beautiful to watch," he murmured, plucking her nipples, keeping them aroused as Charlie arranged her on her hands and knees on the bed, preparing for another round of amazing sex. "You're so sensual and uninhibited, so lusty. You can't get enough, can you?" He tugged a bit harder, drawing a small mewling sound from her throat. "It's fucking incredible to watch you, baby."

"Bill, Charlie," she panted and whined, "I need it again!"

"We know, baby love. Charlie will give it to you." He glanced over her shoulder at what their brother was doing. All she could feel was Charlie's hands gripping her hips once more, holding her steady and still. "One more second."

There came a familiar, insistent probing at her entrance, and then Ginny cried out with delight and tossed her head back as Charlie drove home once again, shoving hard into the depths of her cunt. He fucked deep, bottoming out, dripping sweat all over her bare bottom as he held there for a moment, savouring the tight grip upon him. Her arms and thighs trembled violently as she held position, relishing the burn.

"It's so good," she sobbed to Bill, tears of pure joy dripping down her cheeks. "He's so deep in me I can feel his heart beating."

Bill groaned with yearning and jealousy. Quickly, he released the fly of his trousers, shucking them from his long legs and tossing them without care onto the floor, and then arranged himself to sit with his back to the headboard, his legs spread with Ginny between them. He tangled his hand up in her hair, pulling her head down to his unsheathed, erect cock. "Suck me, baby girl. If I can't take your pussy or your arse, then at least I'll have your mouth."

Drawn by an unquenchable curiosity to taste him as he'd earlier tasted her, Ginny dipped low and opened wide, taking Bill's prick deep into her mouth.

He was big, not as thick as Charlie, but longer, and his crown was pierced with a button apadravya, an adornment meant to give either gender a good time.

Being careful of his metal clashing against her small tongue piercing, she sucked him down hard and bathed him with her tongue on that first withdrawal, and then set a slow, thorough pace, bobbing up

and down the entire length of him. Bill moaned, and began chanting her name in between ecstasy-fused gasps. His fingers in her hair tightened each time she pulled up his steely length, as if he could bear the idea of her pulling away completely.

"Don't stop, baby," he encouraged her, arching upwards.

Shocked at how wicked she was behaving, but hungry for more of his thick, salty pre-cum slathering across her tongue, Ginny fell upon Bill's cock like a sex-starved succubus. She hummed with satisfaction around the engorged head of him, sucking, licking, consuming his delicious taste. He delved deeper into her mouth with each enthusiastic nod of her head, too, meeting her downward strokes with upward surges, until at last he was fucking her throat as desperately as Charlie was fucking her hot, swollen pussy.

In that moment, they owned her, completely, utterly, and the truth was Ginny had never known such ecstasy.

"Coming," Charlie growled behind her, his thrusts going erratic, his hands gripping her with almost bruising force.

"Me, too," Bill grit between clenched teeth.

With dual cries, they released together in sync, filling her with their come, flooding her mouth and drenching her core at the same time. Ginny swallowed all she could of Bill's sticky, warm seed, even as Charlie's ejaculation pulsed in heated spurts up and into her channel.

Both men called out for her with a devoted kind of rapture reserved only for someone holy, and it was the most glorious moment of Ginny's life.

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What a wicked game to play, to make me feel this way..._

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Hours later, limp and thoroughly sated, Ginny lay passively back as Charlie tied her wrists to the headboard, using the long, silken bed curtains hanging down along the back of it as restraints. "One more time," he murmured to her, seemingly as exhausted as she felt, but with just enough energy left for a final go, it seemed. "Just this much, and then it'll be done."

Before Ginny could muster the strength to ask him what he meant, Charlie crouched above her, the heavy, thick weight of his tired, but stiffening erection swinging free between them. He brushed strands of hair off her cheek with a reverent touch and softly kissed her lips.

"Here's the thing, kitten: the Incubus' lust will continue until it's had all of you and has exhausted you in the doing. Once you're completely sated and can't take anymore, and you deny its advances to continue, it'll stop. It'll let you go."

"You mean it'll lose interest in me once it's fucked my arse into

exhaustion, not just my mouth and pussy?" she asked, offended by such a crude and whimsical nature.

She'd already taken him three times in her cunt and twice in her mouth tonight, that last while Bill had licked all the cream out of her, and yet Charlie's bestial side still demanded on having this last bit of her before chucking her to the side.

Bastard.

He looked ashamed at that fact, but nodded. "I think you're almost at that point now, ready to call it quits. Once you do, it'll bugger off and leave you be. You'll be free of its hold over you forever, as it never goes back once it moves on."

"One night of incredible, unforgettable sex per customer, eh?" She was trying not to take her indignation out on Charlie, as really this wasn't his fault, but it was difficult to keep her temper restrained knowing she was getting the big 'heave-ho' talk before the final act had even started. "Then what, it scampers off and finds another victim to pluck?"

He sat back on his heavily-muscled haunches and wouldn't meet her eye. "Basically, yeah."

"Fortunately, he only needs to do this a few times a year to sate the demon inside," Bill explained from the side, where he'd pulled up a chair next to the bed to watch. "We come to Pandora's to find a willing partner for him on those nights."

She stared at Bill with dawning understanding. "This is why you really left Fleur and moved in with him. You're not ensnared by his Incubusâ€"you're helping him control it!"

Her eldest brother nodded. "He needs someone to ground him and make sure he doesn't get too rough. His Incubus is a bit of a sadist if given its freedom. As long as I'm here with him when that side of him needs to be fed, he can keep a relatively good enough reign on it not to hurt his partners."

"And if you weren't here?" she dared ask, curious.

Bill met her stare head-on, and she sensed he spoke from personal experience when he said, "He can be a brutal lover, literally insatiable until he and his partner are both near death, if things go on long enough."

"Is that what happened between you two?"

"Yes. The advanced healing and sheer strength given me by Greyback's contamination is the only reason I'm standing here now. It's also the reason things went that far between us in the first place."

Ginny considered that. "You mean it took a long time for you to be sexually sated because you're part magical beast now, too?"

Her eldest brother gave her an admiring smirk. "Don't mince words, baby. Say what you really think."

Ginny rolled her eyes and he chuckled at his own sarcastic

humour.

"Yes, it took a long time to exhaust me because I've got some of the properties of a werewolf, including incredible stamina when mating."

Charlie cleared his throat. "Basically, all you need to know is the Incubus within me becomes more feral as time passes. Call it frustration...that it isn't satisfying its partner. That frustration becomes resentment, which is taken out on its lover, eventually."

Ginny was not dim; she understood exactly what her two brothers weren't saying, and why they felt the need to molly-coddle her.

"You mean it becomes violent," she stated, confronting the Erumpent in the room directly, since no one else seemed to want to.

They both reluctantly nodded.

"How did you finally resolve that little problem?" she asked Bill.

He glanced once at Charlie, seeking permission to reveal some deep, dark secret to her, but their brother shook his head once, and she knew that Bill would honour Charlie's request not to tell her their solution.

"Whatever secrets you're keeping to protect me," she confronted them, "you can quit it right now. Spill."

Charlie ran a hand up her bare thigh to attempt to distract her. "All you need to know, kitten, is that Bill is free of the lust, and soon you'll be, too. I won't let it hurt you anymore. It's already made this last week hell for you, I know."

Well, honestly, it hadn't been that bad. Sure, she'd spent a lot of time frigging herself and attempting to use a magical vibrator to ease the need, which it never fully did, and she'd had to change her knickers two to three times a day, which had certainly added up on laundry day, and she'd spent the entire week obsessively fantasizing about all the myriad fun things a girl could get up to with Charlie, which had made her completely unproductive at work, but all that hadn't killed her, for Merlin's sake! It had just made her a little uncomfortable.

"And what about you?" she asked him. "What'll happen to you once this ends tonight, Charlie?"

He ran his finger around the beauty mole on her hip and sighed. "Nothing changes for me, Ginny. I sate the Incubus' sick need to torture some poor soul with intense sexual desire, same as always, or I face the possibility of going mad. This is who I am. What I am. Not much choice."

Merlin's granddam, this was Charlie's exotic, enviable existence: being forced to shag strangers all the time just to stay sane? No chance for a regular life, or a regular girlfriend. No wonder he looked terminally depressed!

"But you can'tâ€" "

He distracted her again by extending a hand towards Bill, who passed him a small bottle of clear liquid. Removing the stopper, he poured some of the viscous liquid into the palm of his hand. "You ready?" he asked her, slathering a generous amount of the sweet, almond-scented lubricant all over his shaft. "'Cause this thing inside me is just about out of patience and wants you again."

"Wait, I still don'tâ€" "

"Once we both come," he interrupted her, coating his cock and bollocks with the oil until they gleamed in the candlelight, emphasizing every bulging vein, the swollen, red head that leaked with his renewed need, and every delicious ridge of his ramrod-straight staff, "you have to tell me to stop and push me awayâ€"and you have to mean it. If the Incubus knows you liked it too much, it'll keep going, just so it can conquer you all over again. It'll turn rough the longer you don't give in, so it's best to do it the moment I've pulled out." Remorse was stamped across his handsome features as he continued to stroke himself, keeping his prick nice and hard. "A good slap across the face and telling me to piss off for having put you into this predicament to begin with ought to do the trick."

Appalled that her brother would ask her to treat him so cruelly, it took Ginny's anger a moment to catch up. When it did, she stared hard up at him and hissed through her teeth, "You're kidding, right?"

"This is how it has to be, Ginny. This great 'gift' is a two-edged sword: amazing sex, but it always ends like this. No long-term attachments, kitten. Can't have 'em."

She glanced up and over at her bound wrists, and it occurred to her then why he'd tied her up. "You're gonna come at me hard, aren't you?" She jerked on her bonds. "You're trying to make me feel helpless and used this way, so I'll get angry at you when it's over and be able to toss you aside."

He looked down at his hands and sighed, sadly reconciled to his fate. "That's another reason why I wanted Bill here. He can pleasure you afterwards."

Ginny cynically huffed. "Forget it. If that's the price I'll have to pay to rid myself of your i]Incubus' influence, then I don't want to do it. I don't want my last time with you to be sad or painful, Charlie. I'd rather suffer the lust forever than to think badly of you."

His head jerked up and he met her angry stare head-on. His expression became as hard as stone and equally as stubborn as hers when he realised she'd meant what she'd said. "No matter how tough you think you are, little sis, you won't be able to endure what the Incubus can do to you if you don't give in, and I won't let it hurt you like that. So, for your own good, this is how it's gonna be: one more fuck to claim everything you've got, and then you deny me. We both walk away and never speak of this again. You can even pretend it never happened, if you want. I'll respect that. But that's the end of our incestuous, little story, so don't fight me on it."

He reached for her, and lifted her bum off the mattress. "Now, pillow," he instructed Bill, and with a sigh of his own, Bill moved to set a pillow under Ginny's arse.

Ginny felt her blood quicken at the idea of what he was about to do to her. Yes, she'd been restrained before during sex, and yes, she'd been fucked in the back way before, too, but never had she faced the one doing it to her, much less watch his cock pump in and out of her arse and unable to _Arresto Momentum_ any of it.

Not that she wanted to. Except the part at the end, where she told Charlie to fuck off, as he insisted she had to. That she wouldn't mind skipping over.

...But a part of her knew he was right. This couldn't go on. They were siblings. What they were doing was only to correct a mistake, because neither of them had a choice, thanks to some freaky sex magic. Continuing it, though, would be wrong.

She tugged against the restraints that held her arms above her head, wanting to touch and own Charlie as much as he was touching and owning her, since this was the last time. _Can't_, she sharply reminded herself. The restraints were meant to force her into accepting her vulnerability. They were there to assure her submission, to secure her surrender.

That's what she needed to give if she were to be free of this lust for Charlie for good...

* * *

><p>TO BE CONTINUED..._

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><p>Author's Notes:

Please review! :)

End
file.